

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2325

London
January 16, 1946



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JANUARY 16, 1946

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Marcus Adams

Lady Douglas Gordon and Her Son

Lady Douglas Gordon is the wife of Major the Lord Douglas Gordon, D.S.O., The Black Watch. Before her marriage in 1940 she was Miss Suzanne Du Boulay, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Du Boulay, D.S.O., and of Lady Elles. Her husband, who is the youngest of the three brothers of the Marquess of Huntly, Premier Marquess of Scotland, was in Italy and Greece during the war and is at present in Palestine. Lord and Lady Douglas Gordon have one son, Andrew Granville Douglas Gordon, who was born in 1942

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"The voice and the shape of a woman has haunted me . . ."

—JOHN KEATS

L'Aiglon

I WAS somewhat surprised the other night to find the B.B.C. wasting their precious time on Edmond Rostand's windy old rodomontade, *L'Aiglon*. It has always been a mystery to me why our parents would invariably return swimming in tears from this piece. The plot is fatuous, the Duke of Reichstadt a noisy young bore, and the actual texture of the play, the dialogue and the ranting verse, below even Rostand's average of cheapness. Nor, I think, did my impression derive from hearing it in English. I saw Sarah Bernhardt do it, just before her last illness, from a bath-chair.

TO me the effect was quite intolerable. But then I have not even patience for *Cyrano de Bergerac* which also drew long sobs from the Edwardians. The trouble is, we have grown out of Rostand, far more than out of Sardou or Pinero. Were he to have written *L'Aiglon* these days, all that adulation of battles and blood would only shock a generation that has known far more about them than Rostand ever did.

And I wonder what we would make of Sarah now? Have we grown out of the particular form her genius took? Many of my elders, far more learned in matters of the stage than I, will sternly prohibit the very whisper of the idea. And yet . . . and yet . . . Perhaps I am influenced by the horror which my only sight of her bred in me—this terrifying old woman with her crimped hair, trying to play a boy of twenty. But looking at photographs of the first performance of *L'Aiglon* at Sarah Bernhardt's own theatre, on March 15, 1900, I cannot help thinking she must have caused the audience some embarrassment even then.

I ALWAYS like the story, however untrue it may be, of Bernhardt's coming by her "golden voice." She was playing at the time in one of

those plays which Sardou turned out as rapidly as works our industrious Mr. Rattigan. She was relatively unknown, had made no particular stir. Suddenly she invented *la voix d'or*. The electric tones galvanized Paris, but not her leading man, who dubbed them an insufferable affectation, and asked her to drop them at once. She refused. He stormed, he pleaded. Sarah remained adamant. All at once he thought of a solution. That evening, before the performance, he ate an enormous dinner of "aioli," that formidable mayonnaise from Provence, which is more strongly impregnated with garlic than any other known dish. When, at the height of the drama, Bernhardt flew into his arms to receive her stage embrace, she was almost asphyxiated. After the show it was her turn to rage, to plead; the *jeune premier* was pitiless. Finally, she turned all her batteries upon Sardou. His defence at last blown into rubble, the unfortunate man rewrote the part for her, eliminating all kisses. The golden voice was established, to the infinite delight of our grandparents and parents.

Yvette Guilbert

YVETTE GUILBERT, that great *disease*, who died only a few years ago, used to do wonderful imitations of Bernhardt—in particular a scene where the great actress rages against the luckless captain of a transatlantic liner, because he has refused to allow all her lions and panthers into the cabin with her. The years and success made Sarah fantastically imperious. To rehearsals of *L'Aiglon* she would invariably turn up two hours late, and then waste another hour while the whole cast filed past kissing her hand.

AT the risk of outraging many sensibilities, I confess I long for the day when I may conceivably be able to find, and employ, a real servant

again, someone who will "live in," and free one of the servitude of cleaning one's shoes, washing dishes and getting breakfast. I love cooking, but the effort of getting breakfast, of working tolerably hard when one is still half-asleep, and life spreads ahead of one in a vast featureless grey desert, is racking to the spirit. But it is, I gather, improper to express such a wish as I have just done. I do not see why. Of course, I believe that everybody should learn how to cook a little, how to make beds, wash dishes, lay fires, and sweep a room. Personally, I always feel rather guilty at my ignorance of the sewing art and my clumsiness in arranging flowers. But if I do household duties, which a practised hand would perform much more efficiently, I am wasting my own and society's time just as much as if I were to try to make a motor car.

The trouble is, of course, domestic service has got a bad name, not because our ancestors packed their footmen into cold and stuffy attics (incidentally, the Victorian servant was probably housed less infamously than, for instance, the Victorian cotton operative), but through the mockery poured upon servants by their peers. The concept of being always at the beck and call of the employer is one of the bitterest grievances, I think. In most professions, the clock strikes, the hooter blows, off go overalls, on go hats, and then freedom till eight or nine o'clock next morning. Perhaps it may be possible to evolve some such arrangement in the house. The alternative, a completely servantless world, all of us frittering away the mornings in chores we do badly, is not very encouraging.

Luton Hoo

THE death of Lady Ludlow brings to mind the curious and complicated story of Luton Hoo, her house in Bedfordshire. The infamous Lord Bute who betrayed Chatham's victories in the



Two Big Occasions for the American Red Cross Clubs in London

Portraits of representatives of the American and British Red Cross in Great Britain and Western Europe are being exhibited at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street. Here Mrs. Eva Baker, Asst. Director of Charles Street Clubs, and Mrs. Lichirie (the former Joyce Lady Howe), Programme Director of the Columbia Club, admire the latter's portrait

Among other portraits is that of Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Programme Director of Charles Street Clubs, which is here being admired by Miss Joan Armstrong and Mrs. Elizabeth Nye, ex-American Red Cross Asst. Co-ordinator. In the centre is the artist, Mr. H. F. L. Moratz. Red Cross workers may purchase the portraits on view, all money being devoted to the Red Cross

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, delegate to the U.N.O. Assembly, personally thanked two hundred British hostesses for the work they have done for her fellow-countrymen at Rainbow Corner. With her here is Mr. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Pierpoint Morgan Hamilton, Lady Director of the Club, who presented a copy of the souvenir programme to each of her distinguished guests



The Duke of Kent and His Sister Visit the Aircraft Exhibition at Dorland Hall

During their school holidays, the Duchess of Kent took the Duke of Kent and his sister, Princess Alexandra, to see the Model Aircraft Exhibition at Dorland Hall. The Meteor jet plane, the world's fastest aeroplane, is the machine which particularly fascinated the young Duke

Peace of Westminster at the end of the Seven Years War, acquired the property from the Napier family and commissioned Robert Adam to build four handsome new fronts on to the house. Adam there built his masterpiece, a great library 144 feet long, divided into five columned compartments, and with a ceiling by Cipriani. It was created to house the magnificent collection of fine books which Bute had lately acquired from another Scot, the Duke of Argyll.

The park laid out by "Capability" Brown, with its huge lakes covering over sixty acres, remains almost as it was in the days of the abominable Bute. But alas! Innumerable fires, beginning in 1771, have devastated the house and swept away Adam's great library.

Phyllis Titmuss

THE death of poor Phyllis Titmuss removes into the far distance for me the matinees which were such a delight of my childhood. That suave, fantastic world of Mr. Jack Buchanan, in a grey top-hat, striding fit to kill about the minute stage of some such theatre as the Comedy, or singing with Miss Titmuss, "Is there any little thing that I can do for you?" Those London revues in times of the period 1916-27 were a very curious phenomenon. Their success, I think, partly depended upon their very air of casualness, as if they were supremely good amateur theatricals. Teddie Gerard and Nelson Keys, Phyllis Titmuss and Beatrice Lillie caught a moment of theatrical taste that must have been unique in the history of variety. Then came the great Cochran revues at the Pavilion, music by Cole Porter, the masks with which Oliver Messel began his brilliant career: the whole mood changed, an atmosphere of "sophistication," a tart edge was put to our tastes which would render ludicrous, I suppose, a revival of, let us say, *Bubbly*, with Miss Gerard singing "She had a hole in her stocking, and eyes that were mocking."

Countess Castiglione

I HAVE already in these columns mentioned my admiration for that great beauty and spy of Second Empire days, Countess Castiglione, whose portrait, half finished by Watts, is one of the

prettiest things in its class that the nineteenth century produced. Well, I have had something of a shock. For I have lately seen four photographs of the Castiglione at various stages of her life, and while the young woman is every bit as ravishing as my dream of her, there is also the last stage from which I cannot avert my eye. Old age in pretty women is often an enchantment. I know of several people, feted in my childhood for their bright eyes, who seem to grow more distinguished, more ethereal with each new grandchild. But it is clear that the Castiglione by 1875 had turned into a strapping and truculent "battle-axe"—nothing to do with the triumphant Diane chasseresse, who could make a whole ballroom of the 'fifties sigh at her entrance.

Manners

NOTHING can be worse than the bore who laments the general decline of civilized standards. But I must say I am rather distressed by the deliberate emphasis on the beauty of bad manners which is laid in every Hollywood film nowadays, in every novel of the Hemingway school, every short story that has felt the influence of that talented Armenian pixie, Mr. Saroyan. I can understand a Rousseau revolting against the extreme complication, the lifeless formality of manners in the time of Louis XV. To own, as do Dutch politenesses, some fourteen different ways of addressing an envelope, according to the exact shade of a person's social standing, seems to me a trifle excessive. I can well understand the French revolutionaries, the *sans-culottes*, cultivating a studied brusqueness. But America has never felt fatter, more confident of her future than today. Why then this ceaseless insulting of waiters and policemen, whose wounded pride is infallibly soothed with the balm of a five-dollar bill? It is an odious and contemptible philosophy of life. The West thinks itself more advanced than Spain or China. But the Spaniard who ends a letter to a woman: "Your faithful servant who kisses your hands and your feet," the Chinese coolie to whom you must say: "Please may I borrow your radiance," before you ask him the way, give to life a dignity that it stands more and more in need of with every austere day that passes.



Howard Coster, F.A.S.A.

In the New Year's Honours List

A viscountcy is conferred on Lord Southwood of Fernhurst in the New Year's Honours List. Lord Southwood has raised nearly £20,000,000 for charity. He is Chairman of the Red Cross Penny-a-week Fund which raised approximately one third of all the money collected for the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Appeal, and of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street

James Agate

AT THE PICTURES

One Would Have Thought—

ONE would have thought. . . . But let me begin at the beginning. Who, or what, is the Film Society? Where does it hang out? Where and when does it hold its jamborees? Can one join it? I have done everything that is possible to contact this august body, but with complete insuccess. I have made a nuisance of myself in the public streets. Accosting tall, pale, flabby aesthetes wearing beards obviously growing on somebody else. Scraping acquaintance with elderly females with faces like the insides of Victorian bustles. What is there about the doings of this Society which makes it as shy of notoriety as a poker den in Paddington? One would have thought that getting on for twenty years of service to the film might have had its reward in the invitation to witness one performance of *The Birth of Intolerance*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Thingumbob*, or whatever it is the Society is up to. What is the point, in the entertainment world, of doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame? And then I should rather like to know how they do these old silent films. Do they engage a famous orchestra to give the silent picture its force and charm? My curiosity is, I feel, doomed to remain unsatisfied. I receive no "literature." I have gone to the extreme length of consulting the telephone directory where I read all about Film Rights, and Film Sales, and Film Traders, and Film Transport, but not a word about any Film Society. And I have come to the conclusion that it doesn't exist, that it is all my eye and Bette Davis! Hang it all, I like the films, even though I don't think they ought to be cultural. In view of which confession I feel that my chance of initiation into this august assembly has vanished for ever! I feel that the Society caters for an audience which disdains the commercial cinema and attends its cultural orgies as an alternative to reading the *New Statesman* upside down.

NOW for the story of *This Love Of Ours* (New Gallery). It all began when Karin, a professional pianist (Merle Oberon) sprained her ankle—Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff have their dangers no less than war—and was attended in her dressing room by the young Doctor Touzac (Charles Korvin). So she married him, and had a child. They were hard up because that year Touzac had laid out half his fees on a new microscope. But the household bills were discharged by Karin, who spent three afternoons a week in a snug little house on an adjacent boulevard. (Yes, this was all happening in Paris.) Being apprised of his wife's visits, Touzac, who had read a few French novels besides his medical books, put *deux* and *deux* together and made them *quatre*, and launched the result in Karin's face at a children's party given for Suzette, their two-year-old daughter. Karin said she could explain. Touzac said he didn't doubt it. Whereupon Karin tossed her head, looked long down her

nose and flounced out of the house, delivering hoities to the right and toities to the left, and leaving her brat with Touzac. She then, without being divorced, went through a form of marriage with Targel, a caricaturist (Claude Rains). Ten years passed and Touzac ran across the pair of them who were doing an act in a low dive in Chicago called "Honky-Tonk's." So Karin shot herself, and Chicago's best surgeons failing to find the bullet, Touzac asked to have a go. "Why should you know where it is better than we do?" asked the indignant surgeons. "I am her husband," Touzac replied. And in two ticks he had not only located but extracted the bullet, which he found precariously poised on the mitral valve, or somewhere.

CONVALESCING, Karin started to yearn for the brat to whom she hadn't given a thought for the last ten years, but whom she hoped to recapture by proposing to resume life with Touzac, now famous and rich. But how, and as what? Suzette, you see, had been told that her mother was a saint in heaven, and indeed had had a shrine put up to her in the garden. At which news Karin's nose grew still longer. And then they had another children's party, this time to celebrate Suzette's twelfth birthday. And they were all there including Karin, Touzac, Targel, and all the local Picninnies, Joblillies, and Garyulies. "Draw me a picture of my mother," said Suzette to the caricaturist, who drew a picture of the woman now proposing to be the second Mrs. Touzac. Whereupon, Suzette ecstatically yelled, "Mummy!" And then Karin stopped yearning. She had come to her senses, and was obviously reflecting that life in a large house with lots of large cars and only one small daughter would be tolerable. Was there no snag? Why, yes, of course. Suzette had seen an old newspaper in which she had read something about Karin, a bullet, and a snug little house, from which she had deduced that her mother had sinned. And then, at last, we were allowed to know the jewelled truth. This was that when Karin visited that snug little house it was merely to give piano lessons to a blind but rich young amateur, and thereby earn enough money to pay the grocer.

IT would seem that the original form of this pretentious twaddle is a play in which the master Pirandello was apparently trying to recreate *East Lynne* in terms of his own metaphysics. I sat goggle-eyed and pin-still at this rapturous bilge until Merle came in wearing, at an angle of forty-five degrees, a squashed topper obviously picked up by Ally Sloper at the sale of George Sand's effects. Here, I am afraid, I contracted those giggles which lasted till the end. How Merle, Korvin, and Rains kept their faces straight throughout I have no notion. Suzette was very well played by Sue England, who should instantly sue Hollywood for inflicting on a beginner the worst and longest part with which a child actress ever battled.

Forever In Love (Warner) is an extraordinary picture. For the first half-hour I sat wondering at that American social stratum in which Dad keeps a limousine but sits down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves, Mum has a refined accent and incredible pearls, Sis is all legs and High School, and the Son of the house chews gum, works at the bench in some factory, and has a vocabulary of four hundred words. For half an hour I sat listening to a dialogue between Al Schmid, the aforesaid Son (John Garfield) and Ruth, his girl (Eleanor Parker). They were driving by moonlight in the aforesaid limousine. Al, depositing his gum behind his ear, had tried to kiss Ruth, who would much rather have had orchids. Whereupon Al resumed chewing and driving, the moon went on shining, and nobody said a word! Then, presently, we heard:

Ruth: "Are you sore?"

Al: "Sure I'm sore!"

Ruth: "O.K. if that's the way you want it."

Al: "Sure, I guess it's better that way!"

I was about to get up and go, when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbour, and the picture turned itself into one of the most moving things I have ever seen on the screen. Magnificent reconstitution of the war in the Philippines as it probably really was, and without anything or anybody remotely suggesting Claudette Colbert. Superb performance by John Garfield, and a lovely one by Rosemary DeCamp as the nurse in charge of blind cases. Probably the best bit of acting in the film. It was entirely due to Rosemary that I didn't decamp earlier.



John Garfield and Rosemary DeCamp give superb performances (according to critic James Agate) in the new Warner Bros. film "Forever in Love." Fighting in the Philippines, Garfield is wounded and is subsequently nursed by Rosemary DeCamp, who is in charge of blind cases. Playing opposite Garfield as his girl friend Ruth who waits for him at home is Eleanor Parker



Elizabeth (Claudette Colbert), whose husband, John, is listed as missing in World War I, believes herself to be a widow. When Larry Hamilton (George Brent) offers to take care of her and her baby son Drew, she consents to marry him



Years pass, and Elizabeth and Larry have a son of their own. With Drew, the son of her first marriage, Elizabeth has a very happy family of four



Into the Hamiltons' life there comes a brilliant European chemist, known as Kessler (Orson Welles). He brings with him his foster daughter Margaret (Natalie Wood). Kessler is none other than John, the man who was listed as missing more than twenty years earlier



Orson Welles as the Man Who Came Back Too Late

A Tale Of Two Wars

Claudette Colbert and Orson Welles in a
Tragi-romance of Everyday Life

● **"Tomorrow Is Forever"** covers the years from 1918 up to the present day. It is the story of a man reported missing, presumed dead, whose wife marries again. John (Orson Welles), seriously wounded and a permanent cripple, decides not to return to his American wife Elizabeth (Claudette Colbert). He disappears and she re-marries. Years later fate brings John back into his former wife's life. He does not disclose his identity, and it is only on his death that Elizabeth discovers through some old letters the secret of the strange, brilliant man who has befriended her family



Elizabeth does not recognize her first husband, and Kessler, understanding the futility of raking up the past, does not disclose who he is. He is, however, able to influence his son (Richard Long) who by now is fighting, against his mother's wishes, to be in the action of World War II

The Theatre

"Cinderella" (Adelphi)



Pauper and Prince: Dandini (Peggy Rawlings) and the Prince Charming (Jean Adrienne)

REGULAR patrons of pantomime were able once upon a time to turn up at their usual house more or less unthinkingly, as "regulars" of another kind turn in to their favourite "local." Some were certain that the last distillation of the authentic spirit of pantomime was to be caught only at Drury Lane; others discovered superior charm in the characteristic grandeur of Covent Garden; still more plumped for the rollicking fun of the old Lyceum. Such happy certitudes no longer exist. The interminable runs now lapping the London theatre in a prosperity likely in the end to do it more harm than good have elbowed the only two pantomimes of the year on to stages that have no special Christmas traditions. Bidden to choose between *Aladdin* at the Cambridge and *Cinderella* at the Adelphi, the "regulars" are as babes in the wood, but they may be assured that whether they turn north or east at Charing Cross they will not go far wrong.

BOTH pantomimes are in the tradition, each being pretty well everything we expect a West End pantomime to be, but perhaps *Cinderella* wears its tradition a little less insistently. Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Hal Bryan at the Cambridge are slaves of a "book" that has definite Victorian affiliations, and they must behave accordingly. The humour has the air of being drilled home, masterfully. Humour flows across the footlights at the Adelphi no less abundantly but with a somewhat easier movement, a more spontaneous effect. Mr.

Bud Flanagan has himself taken a hand in the "book." One can think of no comedian better equipped by nature for the business. He has a genuine flair for the fooling that children and grown-ups alike will consider funny. He knows just how many victims a booby-trap may collect before it recoils upon the jubilant miscreants who set it and just how simple the booby-trap should be if it is to inspire a home-made imitation. But the affair, for all its simplicity, is touched up in a way that would ensure its success on a music hall stage. It is this flair which makes Mr. Flanagan almost the ideal Buttons. His own bland pleasure in simple wheezes enables him to speak at one and the same time to his whole audience. There is never a "Now then, children . . ." Not once does he address them directly. There is no need; he is one of them; yet the elderly, the sophisticated, the cynical also find in this comedian of no age something irresistible. To them he suggests, perhaps, that innocence has become sufficiently conscious of itself to pull the leg of its mockers.

IT is well that Mr. Flanagan is rarely off the stage, for some of the other funny men are not particularly funny, but humour is only one facet of a many-faceted show. Perhaps there is more of spectacle than of the other good things. Who will complain, since the result (only a colloquialism will meet the case) is so giddily splendid. The transformation scenes admit us to a world of snowy elegance and come at last to the only possible climax—the vision of

Cinderella riding in her silver coach, ablaze with lights, drawn by dainty ponies, to the great ball at the palace of Prince Charming. Before that vision takes shape we see a ballet sparkling frostily among the snow drifts, and afterwards the Prince's reception spreads the glitter and shine of sequins over every inch of the stage. Miss Jean Adrienne and Miss Lois Green give the romantic facets their due importance, the one a dashing prince, the other a *Cinderella* whose charms no rags can hide. Miss Peggy Rawlings is the Dandini, and a delightful one, too, but on Christmas Eve she gave grave scandal to the traditionalists by becoming "prince for a day" without troubling to exchange costumes with her sportive master. There are some excellent "specialities," Baker, Dove and Allen and Dudley's Midgets getting most applause for their cleverness. But the pleasantness of this pantomime lies not in this or that, but in its general gaiety and picturesqueness and pace. Speed is the rarest of pantomime virtues; and Mr. Alec Shanks is to be congratulated on his refusal to let anything, however sacrosanct, halt his production.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Troublesome Trio: The Ugly Sisters (Bobbie Kimber and Marion Dawson) with their scheming father (Gavin Gordon)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: Partners in Make-believe: Buttons (Bud Flanagan), staunch ally of *Cinderella* (Lois Green)



Pantomime Roundabout

"Aladdin" at the Cambridge;
"Land of the Christmas Stocking"
at the Duke of York's



Aladdin Has His Pants Patched (Binnie Hale, Hal Bryan)

BINNIE HALE knows all there is to know about principal boys; as Aladdin she has the sure touch of the expert, the charm of ripe experience, the skill of a through-and-through artist. The pantomime is produced by Emile Littler, who has found a strong team of laughter-makers, among them Hal Bryan, Jack Stanford, the Ganjou Brothers and Juanita and the Tiller Girls



En Route for the Island of Nursery Rhymes (Patsy Ann Hedges as Tilly, Colin Simpson as Tom, and Diana Ellinger as the Nurse)



John Vickers

Odd Man: A Character-Study by Richard Goolden

The Land of the Christmas Stocking is a charming little story about two children and their nurse, who do not believe in the age-old romance of Father Christmas. Father Christmas has his own method of dealing with unbelievers; he transports them to the Island of Nursery Rhymes, where rhyme is all and reason naught. The idea is a charming one and the play affords ideal entertainment for the young in heart. The book and lyrics were written by Henry Foord and Mabel Buchanan. Mabel Buchanan also wrote the music

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

HIGH HONOURS

AFTER the brief but all-important interruption of his holiday to visit London in order to welcome the world representatives to St. James's Palace, His Majesty returned to Sandringham to continue, with the Queen and the two Princesses, the simple round of country pleasures in which he, like many another wise man before him, finds his greatest relaxation.

While he was at Buckingham Palace the King took the opportunity of seeing both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin, to talk over with the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary the general world situation. Mr. Churchill, too, was summoned to the Palace, to receive from the King the Order of Merit, that high, rare, but unpretentious distinction which confers no precedence or title, but which can be held by no more than twenty-four men and women at a time, thus being more limited than the Garter itself, which, with its inevitably attached knighthood, Mr. Churchill asked the King's leave to refuse when His Majesty offered him the Order at the end of his Premiership last July. The blue-and-crimson ribbon of the O.M., highest of all non-title-bearing honours, will properly grace the head of the many rows of medal ribbons on Col. Churchill's tunic when he wears uniform again.

Another visitor to the Palace to receive an unusual honour from the King was Mr. Peter Fraser, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, whom His Majesty invested, much to the delight of his many friends and admirers in this country, as well as in his own Dominion, with the insignia of a Companion of Honour, a distinction similar to the O.M. in that it carries no title,

confers no precedence and is limited in number to fifty holders. By a coincidence, it is also the only other order of British chivalry held by Mr. Churchill, who wears its gold-edged, carmine ribbon next to his O.M.

WESTMINSTER WEDDING

RED and white was the colour scheme chosen by Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower for her marriage to Capt. Charles Janson at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The church was decorated with huge vases of red and white chrysanthemums, arum lilies, scarlet amaryllis lilies and white cineraria sent up from Sutton Place. The bride, who is dark and very attractive, is heir-presumptive to the Barony of Strathnaver and Earldom of Sutherland, and niece of the Duke of Sutherland, who is at the moment at Palm Beach, Florida. Miss Leveson-Gower wore white satin and a flowing tulle veil held in place by a wreath of orange-blossom, and carried a white prayer-book. She was given away by her uncle, the Earl of Dudley. Her two bridesmaids, the Hon. Sara Long and the Hon. Jane Stewart, were in long white organdie dresses with scarlet head-bands, sashes and posies, and a single red rose sewn near the hem of each skirt. The only page was little Lord Stewart, very picturesque in a kilt of the Stewart tartan and a dark-green velvet jacket with ruffles and sword. At the last minute Jane Stewart had to deputise as bridesmaid for her sister Annabel, as Lord and Lady Castlereagh's younger daughter had a touch of 'flu and a temperature that morning, so had to be kept in bed. Among the ushers were Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Ednam and Lord Lloyd.

MANY GUESTS

THE church was crowded with friends of the bride and bridegroom and many members of the indoor and outdoor staffs from Sutton Place. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland had come over from France for the weddings of two of her grandchildren, Miss Leveson-Gower and Lord Ednam (whose marriage to Miss Stella Carcano took place a few days later). She had hoped to fly, but the weather was so bad that she came by boat. Viscountess Castlereagh, very attractive with a mink coat over her brown dress, and a sweet little winged cap, need have had no anxious moments over her children, as they carried out their duties as attendants to the bride beautifully. Lady Elizabeth Weston was there with her husband; she told me she loves living in Scotland and seldom comes to London now. Gertrude Countess of Dudley I saw sitting with Mrs. Alden in one of the reception rooms; H.E. the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Carcano came with their two attractive daughters; Mrs. James Corrigan and the Duchess of Westminster were together; the Marquess of Tavistock was telling friends about his recent burglary, and Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd talked to Lord Lloyd. Lady Mary Rose Williams left rather early, as she had to get down to Gloucestershire for a Hunt dance that night. Others there were Capt. Christopher Janson, who was best man to his brother; the Countess of Abingdon; Lady Cunard, in a chinchilla coat and carrying a little muff to match; Lady Lloyd, Viscount Tarbat with his sister, Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Kitty Combe, Miss Gillian Benson, Capt. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Mrs. Warre, Mr. and



Two Christenings: One at the Royal Naval Barracks, Plymouth, the Other at Elvaston Castle

Rose Emma, second daughter of Lt.-Cdr. the Hon. Douglas Vivian and Mrs. Vivian, was christened at St. Nicholas Church, Royal Naval Barracks, Plymouth. Cdr. Vivian is seen outside the church with Miss Bridgewater, Mrs. Vivian and Rose Emma, Deborah (the Vivian's elder girl), Nanny and Lady Vivian

Viscount Petersham, son and heir of Lord and Lady Harrington of Elvaston Castle, near Derby, was christened at the chapel adjoining the Castle. Mrs. Luke Lillingston, mother of the Earl of Harrington, who is with his regiment overseas, is seen with her three grandchildren, Lady Avena Stanhope, Lady Jane Stanhope and Viscount Petersham, who is in his mother's arms

Jan. 16th

Congratulations to General Sir Ian Hamilton—
93 today. Bucks County Farmers Invitation
Ball at the Bull's Head Assembly Room, Aylesbury.

Jan. 19th

Invitation Pychley Hunt
Dance at Holdenby House
Northampton.

Jan. 22nd

Lord Lugard's 88th birthday.
Admiral of the Fleet, Sir
Henry Oliver's 81st birthday.

Mrs. Cazenove, Capt. and Mrs. Ian Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan, and Lady Margaret Stewart, whose father, the Marquess of Londonderry, is in plaster of Paris as the result of his recent accident.

PALACE PARTY

THE party in Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton's quarters in St. James's Palace was first of all intended to be a small affair given by Lady Claud's daughter, Miss Pamela Newall, but in the end several of her mother's friends were included, so that in all there must have been about forty guests. A fork dinner in the cosy dining-room, lit by candles and the overhead lights shining on the Dutch pictures, was followed by dancing upstairs. Lady Claud could take very little part, as she had just come out of a nursing home after a major operation, but she looked very nice in black velvet trimmed with bows down the front. Miss Newall, who is still in the W.A.A.F., also wore black, but hers was of organza, with bead embroideries at yoke and wrists in Persian colourings. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke danced together; Mrs. Dewar was there, in gun-metal satin; the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes wore royal blue, and the Hon. Diana Berry was in white lace. S/O. Wheatley, the Marchioness of Queensberry, the Hon. Roland Cubitt and Sir Eric Miéville were others at this very happy party.

BRIDESMAIDS IN WOOL

A DENSE crowd of friends and relations attended the marriage of Miss Rosalind Cubitt to Major Bruce Shand. The bride wore the white satin of tradition, but it was a decided

break to find her bevy of grown-up bridesmaids in long-skirted, *woollen* frocks! In the cold weather it was a first-rate idea, and Miss Vivien Mosley, Miss Juliet Colman, Miss Virginia Forbes-Adam and Lady Kathleen Eliot all looked very smart in them, for they were of a cheery shade of old gold, with the necks and bell-bottomed sleeves heavily encrusted in peacock-blue bead embroideries which matched the shoulder-length veils.

The Hon. Roland and Mrs. Cubitt received at the reception, and the latter's mother, that well-known Edwardian personality the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, was present with her husband and his brother, the Earl of Albemarle. There was what one might describe as the usual outburst of feathered hats. Among their wearers were the Hon. Mrs. Eddie Edmonstone, sporting green and black feathers; Mrs. Corrigan; those good-looking sisters Lady Ashburton and the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland; and the Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham-Quin. Lord Bruntisfield came with his tall son, the Hon. John Warrender; the Hon. Lady Bingham and Mrs. Walter Burns were together, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell came with the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane.

DÉBUT

THE dance given by Lady Eden for the début of her second daughter, Rose, was held at 5, Mulberry Walk, which she and Sir Timothy have decorated and furnished as two maisonnettes. Dancing took place in the studio at the top of the house, and everywhere there were white rough-cast walls (painted by Lady Eden herself and scarcely dry!) with many fine family

pictures, including one of Sir Timothy's mother, the beautiful, classically-featured Lady Eden, painted by Herkomer.

Miss Rose Eden looked charming in a fluffy white tulle frock, and her mother was in black, with a full skirt of net and blue roses on the bodice. Miss Juanita Forbes wore a quaint silver belt of Indian workmanship; Lady Fairfax came with her son, Lord Fairfax; and I saw Mr. Henry Montgomery-Charrington, Mr. Dorsay Fisher and Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd (who came in Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme's party) amongst others there. The Swiss Minister danced for a while, and so did Lady Conyngham. Sir Timothy was kept busy looking after the drinks, and others to be seen were the Minister of Panama and his wife; and Lady Horlick with her daughter, Miss Diana Murray.

EGG-NOG PARTY

THE Yugoslav Minister and Mme. Rybar's egg-nog party was an original way of entertaining their many friends in London. Egg-nog parties are a very pleasant American fashion that one does not often find in this country, and their guests thoroughly enjoyed the innovation. Amongst those at the party were Col. Hodgson, the Australian Minister to France, and his daughter, Rear-Admiral Spencer Lewis, the American Naval Attaché, and Mrs. Spencer Lewis, the Yugoslav Ambassador and Mme. Leontic, Sir Arthur and Lady Salter, Sir C. K. Webster, who was knighted in the New Year's Honours List, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Capt. and Mrs. Ide, Sir Frederick and Lady Leith-Ross, M. Robert Borel and his wife, and many others.



Two More Christenings: Lord Townshend's Heir and Lord Ashfield's Granddaughter

Viscount Raynham, son and heir of Lord and Lady Townshend, was christened at Raynham. He is seen in his mother's arms, on the steps of Raynham Hall, with his two sisters, Lady Carolyn Townshend and Lady Joanna Townshend, and his father, the Marquess of Townshend. The Marchioness of Townshend is the former Elizabeth Luby, only daughter of Major Thomas Luby

Angelica Mary Hubbard is the second daughter of Mr. Ralph and the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard and a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Ashfield. She was christened at Boxgrove. In the christening party outside the church are Dr. W. W. MacNaught, Mr. Ralph Hubbard and his elder girl Rosemary, the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard with Angelica, Lady Ashfield, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, and Capt. R. J. R. McDougall



Sir Edward Mather-Jackson in earnest conversation with the Duchess of Westminster, the former Lælia Ponsonby



The Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Gore, the Hon. Hamish Erskine and the Earl of Dudley. Lord Dudley is Miss Leveson-Gower's uncle and gave the bride away



Mandy Martin-Smith enjoyed the party. With her here are her mother, Mrs. Martin-Smith, and Mrs. Barry Black



Lady Cunard in her lovely chinchilla and Miss June Capel, daughter of the Countess of Westmorland

• Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, only child of the late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower and the late Baroness Osten Driesen, was married at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to Capt. Charles Noel Janson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Janson. The bride was given away by her uncle, the Earl of Dudley, and she had two child bridesmaids, the Hon. Sara Long (her cousin) and the Hon. Jane Stewart, and one page, the eight-year-old Lord Stewart, grandson of Lord Londonderry

Reception Photographs by Swaebe



Parents of the bridegroom are Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Janson. Captain Charles Noel Janson is their eldest son

Miss Leveson-Gower Marries in London

The Bride and Groom and Some of Their Guests
at the Wedding Reception



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Noel Janson. The bridegroom is in the Welsh Guards



Capt. C. O. Janson, Coldstream Guards, acted as best man to his brother. With him here is their sister, Josephine Janson



The Countess of Dudley who, with her husband, received the guests, bridesmaid Sara Long, and W/Cdr. Owen Roberts



Viscountess Castlereagh and her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Stewart. Lady Castlereagh's children, Lord Stewart and the Hon. Jane Stewart, were among the bride's attendants



The Hon. Richard Keppel, the Countess of Gainsborough (mother of the present Earl) and the Hon. George Noel, her younger son



The Big Moment : Cicely Makes Her Entrance



An Orchid for Miss Courtneidge (Thorley Walters as Tim, Cicely Courtneidge as Jo Fox)



Strange Headgear : A Memory of Old Japan

The Versatility of a Great Artiste

Cicely Courtneidge in "Under the Counter"



Dancer's Stooze : Cicely Takes a Beating

● Throughout the entire action of *Under the Counter* Cicely Courtneidge is seldom off the stage for more than a few moments at a time. In a dozen different moods she carries the evening, slickly, brilliantly, amusingly. Some idea of her great versatility may be given in these two pages. With music by Manning Sherwin, who has produced another "best seller" in his *The Moment I Saw You*, and lyrics by Harold Purcell, *Under the Counter*, described as a new comedy with music, is at the Phoenix Theatre. Jack Hulbert is the producer

Photographs by Elman & Glover



Love in Idleness (Cicely Courtneidge, Hartley Power)



Cross Purposes (Cicely Courtneidge, Thorley Walters)

PRISCILLA in

PARIS

"... Great actions are not always true sons of great and mighty resolutions ..."

Samuel Butler



Fernand when he was still a little boy, with his aunt Mme. Bonnièr de la Chapelle



The French Honour Darlan's Assassin

Fernand Bonnièr de la Chapelle, whose memory has now been vindicated by the French courts, was only twenty when he was court-martialled and shot on Christmas Day, at Algiers, in 1942, for having executed the traitor Darlan. The above photograph was taken at his home, near Paris, just before he left for North Africa

Paris, December 30th, 1945.

WELL, it wasn't so bad, after all! I had no tree of my very own, but I did quite nicely, cuckoo-wise, helping with those provided by various charities for the kiddies, and since it is more blessed, etc., there are no complaints. I have, more or less, noticed Mickey Rooney's career since his appearance as Puck in a particularly excruciating Hollywood version of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and I do not hesitate to say that he has never done so well on the screen as he did in semi-private life romping with small children at one of the parties I attended.

Another most felicitous moment was when father carved the—but forgive this slip of the typewriter, I mean when His Excellency Mr. Duff Cooper dismembered the British Hartford Hospital turkey, a well-browned, luscious-looking bird (why do these fowls always look so much nicer than they taste?), while Lady Diana and the staff looked on, Dr. Schwartz hovering in the offing with a tourniquet handy in case the knife slipped.

Every time I go to the B.H.H. I always look around for a piece of orange peel as I go out. I wouldn't be able to resist slipping up on it and coming down with the sort of crash that, I hope, would ensure a day or so in one of the warm, comfy wards. Think of it, boys and girls. Real rubber, hot-water bottles! Tea at all hours, attractive and competent nurses and, oh, such nice English food. I am so sick of the sauces with which we are obliged to camouflage the official offal our Paris butchers sell, while all the good stuff vanishes to the Black Market.

By the way, one of my New Year resolutions is that I will not mention the Black Market again, but I've still got forty-eight hours to run, and I could write quite a lot about it if I let myself go. However, all I will say is that The-Powers-That-Be beat all their records of tomfoolery with the ukase that went forth a few hours before the Christmas Eve *réveillon*. Permission had been given to cabarets and restaurants for an all-night session. These got in quantities of gorgeous provisions and prepared mouth-watering menus. Prices were openly advertised so that would-be patrons knew exactly how they stood. This was as it should be, but then, on the afternoon of the 24th, it was made known that all menus must be restricted to the mingiest proportions and that inspectors, disguised as guests, would be there to see that the new orders were properly observed. The result was that quantities of food were wasted, that the taxes (49 per cent.), that would have mounted to astronomic figures, were reduced for the Government, by half, and quite a sum of the ratepayers' money had to go in footing the bills of aforesaid inspectors. History doesn't say whether these fine fellows did two or three establishments in the night. If they did I hope the doings pretty well choked them!

In Memoriam

ON Boxing Day I went to the In Memoriam service held in honour of young Fernand Bonnièr de la Chapelle, who executed the traitor Darlan on Christmas Eve, at Algiers, in 1942. The church was crowded, as it has been yearly ever since, but, this time, to our pride in his courage and altruism, was added the thankful knowledge that the verdict, brought in by the court-martial that condemned him to be shot on Christmas morning, has been refuted, and "all legal and penal consequences" annulled. But while this just decision whitewashes his memory that, for us who loved him and the millions whom his gesture benefited, needs no

whitewashing, it does not bring back the twenty-year-old boy who coolly sacrificed his life, believing, rightly, that Darlan was an ambitious and dangerous intriguer.

I knew Fernand well. He was educated at "Les Roches"—the only French school I know of that is run on the lines of an English public school. Between the years 1935 and 1939 he spent his holidays with us at my Farm-on-the-Island. He was the dearest kid and best of companions. During Occupation he made three attempts, with the permission of his uncle and aunt, M. and Mme. Bonnièr de la Chapelle, who had brought him up, to get over to England and join de Gaulle, but without success! Finally, he managed to reach Algiers, where his father was a journalist. There he spent over a year in one of the *Chantier de la Jeunesse* camps, where he became monitor and did fine work for the re-education of a tough "disciplinaire" gang of young hooligans who answered to treatment and, later, became fine soldiers.

The letters that Fernand managed to get through to us were full of enthusiasm, joy of living, and great hopes for the future. He was still a child himself when he wrote: "It's splendid to be able to help with the making of men out of these chaps that have never had the chances we've had... and one learns so much while doing it!" He was immensely popular in the camp and enjoyed being there despite the hard conditions of life 3000 ft. up in the mountains, and twenty miles from the nearest village. Later, however, he was bitterly disappointed, when he was prevented from joining the Air Force on account of his eyesight. The rest is common knowledge.

Bouquet and Brickbat

SO many of my letters have gone astray or been delayed lately that I am wondering whether this will arrive while the New Year is still young enough for me to wish you that it may be bright, happy and definitely prosperous! I have a quarrel to pick with the bloke who wrote to the *Continental Daily Mail* the other day to say that the French post is not so bad as it, ahem, well is. He gives as an example that he received a cigarette lighter from England and that although the parcel was opened by the customs it was delivered to him complete with refills (flints) and a bottle of fuel. All I can say is that a kind friend sent me a box of candles. It took three weeks to arrive, and when it did five candles remained of what was probably ten or twelve. Some things ain't worth pinching! What's the betting that cigarette lighter doesn't work? PRISCILLA.

Voilà!

● In pre-war days many good jokes were told about a certain make of small French car. Of recent months the plant that builds it has started work again and several new models are being turned out. To advertise these a competition was announced. A 1914 gold piece, to the value of 100 francs, marked in a distinguishing manner, was to be hidden in a certain district. The finder would be entitled to choose one of the new cars. The lucky winner was duly shown over the plant. He examined the flivvers closely. "If it's all the same to you," he said to the manager, "I'd rather keep the hundred francs!"



Gordon Anthony

NINETTE DE VALOIS, FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

The Sadler's Wells ballet company will start the season at Covent Garden in February, and in the above photograph Ninette de Valois is wearing her E.N.S.A. uniform, for she has been directing her company in their E.N.S.A. tour of Germany, during which they visited both Berlin and Hamburg. She also went to Paris in November, for the management of the opera there had paid her the great compliment of inviting her to assist in the annual examination of members of the ballet, as a result of which, promotions are made. Miss de Valois has written many of the most beautiful and successful of the ballets which are in the company's repertoire, and among those are *The Gods Go A-begging*, *Promenade* and *The Rake's Progress*. An important production at Covent Garden will be her new ballet *Joan of Arc*, to music by Alan Rawsthorne, with décor by Michael Ayrton. Miss de Valois states most emphatically that this will be her last activity as a choreographer.

Child Portraits

By Eileen Chandler



Davina and Linda Metcalfe, the daughters of Major Dudley and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, and granddaughters of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston



Caroline and Anne Cameron of Lochiel, the daughters of Major and Mrs. Donald Cameron, and granddaughters of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel



Nicholas Parry Wingfield, son of Mrs. Parry Wingfield, who is a granddaughter of Dean Farrer



Sarah and Marion Wills, the daughters of the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Wills, and granddaughters of Lord Dulverton



Phillippa Beckwith, daughter of Mrs. Edward Beckwith, is great-niece of Lady Dulverton, daughter of the late Sir Edward Chichester



Brian and Veronica Gascoigne, children of Lt.-Col. E. F. O. Gascoigne, and the Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne, sister of the late Lord O'Neill, who was killed in action in Italy. Child portraits by Mrs. Chandler are included at the exhibitions now open at the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute of Portrait Painters



David Wyld, son of Capt. and Mrs. J. H. G. Wyld. Mrs. Wyld is a daughter of the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Leslie-Melville



Nicola, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. Nicholas Hastings, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Hastings, and granddaughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C.



Sub/Lt. F. M. Laloe, Hong Kong R.N.V.R., who has been three-and-a-half years a P.O.W., Miss Barbara Dumeresque (a sister of Brig. John S. Dumeresque), Lt. H. C. Meeke, Hong Kong R.N.V.R., Mrs. A. V. Pallister and Lt.-Cdr. A. V. Pallister



Lt.-Cdr. (A) R. V. Wallington and his sister, Miss Wallington, with Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Sammel, South African N.V.R., ring in the New Year. Cdr. and Miss Wallington's father is Judge the Hon. Sir Hubert Wallington

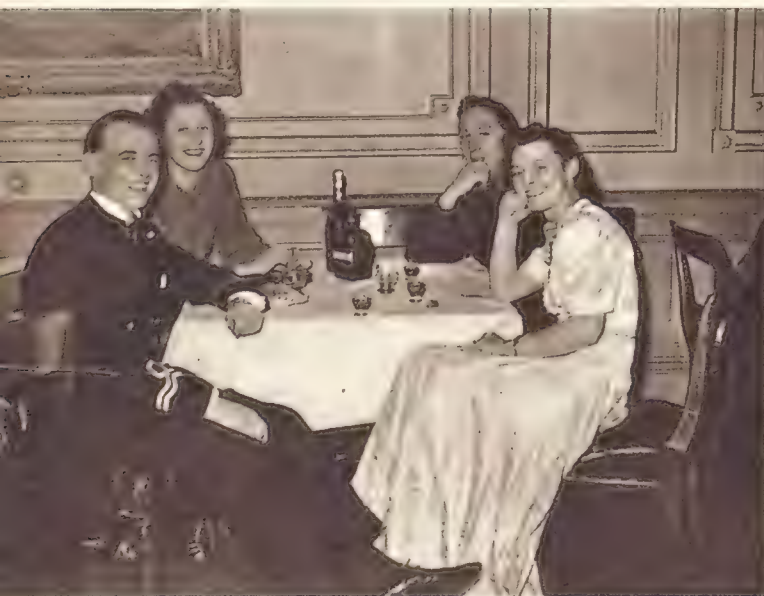
The Wavy Navy Sees the New Year in at the R.N.V.R. Club in London



Lt.-Cdr. L. E. Pulsford and Capt. J. P. W. Pilditch, R.N. The New Year's Eve dinner and dance was given at the club in Pall Mall



Flt./O. Mary Harcourt, W.A.A.F., dancing with Lt. Mathew Crosse



Lt. J. L. Wells, Miss Joan Anderson and Capt. and Mrs. D. G. Ellison: Lt. Wells has just returned from a three-and-a-half-months 30,000-mile trip round the world as Naval Liaison Officer for P.O.W. repatriation



F/Lt. R. A. Silas, Mrs. Sheila Kilner, Lt. Charles Garcia, Lt. Derek Patey, Major Percy Power, of Detroit, U.S.A., Miss Elaine, Mr. W. Schimenty, of New York, and Mrs. Beryl Watson

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Venturesome Knight

LORD JOICEY, the owner of this gallant old steed, who literally died in action at Wetherby early last year, has sent the following interesting letter to the Editor, who has kindly passed it on to me. I am very glad to have it, and also the chance of disavowing most emphatically any intention of being "a bit hard on" this old warrior of the 'Chase, and I am indeed sorry that Lord Joicey could have read any such intention into my words, which recorded the grievous interference from loose horses to which Venturesome Knight was subjected in the Foxhunters' Steeplechase at Aintree in 1939. Here is the owner's epitaph on a beloved comrade, which, I am sure, will be read with sympathy by everyone who has ever owned or ridden a right 'un:

I see in your last issue your "Sabretache" is a bit hard on my gallant old horse, Venturesome Knight, in the Liverpool Foxhunters' 'Chase, 1939. He never put a foot wrong in the race; the second time round the jockey of a horse, falling alongside him at the Canal Turn, caught his foot in my reins, breaking them, which lost him 30 or 40 lengths, otherwise he could have won in a canter. In the Foxhunters' Challenge Cup at Cheltenham, Venturesome Knight was knocked down at the last open ditch by a horse jumping across him. He beat the winner, Kilshannig, at Derby that year by 20 lengths, giving him 10 lb. in hock-deep going, and Nushirawan was only eighth at Cheltenham. Next season V.K. was fifth in the National, after breaking a blood-vessel coming on to the racecourse; and after four years' rest at grass, he fell dead from the same trouble at the last fence when winning the Harrogate Steeplechase at Wetherby this year [1945]. In these races every horse and rider wants his fair share of luck, which certainly did not come V.K.'s way, poor chap.

Old Horses, Old Friends

JURIG-GEN. SIR GEORGE COCKERILL, C.B., D.S.O., Hon. Director and Chairman of the Council of the International League for the Protection of Horses, has sent the following letter to the Press:

A few days before his death Freddie Fox wrote to me expressing his anxiety lest the shortage of feeding stuffs—frozen grass, etc.—should cause suffering to many horses through the coming winter. "It is very hard for some people," he wrote, "to sign an old friend's death-warrant. I have one I have hunted fifteen seasons before the war, and he will be twenty-eight on January 1st. He is turned out rough in my orchard here with a box to go into if he likes, with a small feed night and morning and an armful of hay. I have a hack round when time permits, and one of us has a word for him every day, so he is all right and looks it. But the time will come when he must be destroyed, and you would be surprised how much even the thought haunts me. I have seen old favourites pensioned off miles from anywhere, nobody going near them for days, weeks or months, no shelter and nothing but winter picking to eat in the winter months. Horses, I am sure, love human companionship, and owners who are only putting off for a year or two what has to be done eventually, may be causing dreadful suffering by mistaken kindness." Freddie Fox was anxious that I should issue an appeal to horse-lovers to do all they can to avoid such suffering, and added: "If your letter serves to point this out to only a few of the thoughtless and uninitiated, it will be worth while." I will leave Freddie Fox's words to speak for themselves.

How true about "companionship." A horse says "Thank you" in a host of ways. Get off him, as, of course, you should, after you both have come through a real bit of fun; let his girths down a couple of holes and then, without slipping your arm through the reins, start walking about, and he'll follow you, stop and turn when you do, and probably ask for a bit of sugar, which probably you haven't got.

The Kadir Cup

W RITING from Boyne Hill, Navan, Co. Meath, Mr. P. V. Allen, late of the Indian Civil Service, who was one of the 200 hosts at the Houghunters' Dinner in London some years ago, the one guest being H.R.H. the then Prince of Wales, sends me this interesting letter about the Hon. G. B. Bryan's (Lord Bellew's) adventures in the contest of 1882:

In your notes on the Kadir Cup in the December 10th number of *The Tatler and Bystander* you give the contents of a letter asking why the Hon. G. B. Bryan was not riding his horse Grey Dawn, which won the Kadir Cup in 1882. I expect you will have already received a possible explanation from Wardrop himself or from some other old-stager like myself, who used to ride in the Kadir long years ago. I have a copy of the Meerut Tent Club Log published in 1899, which tells its story from the beginning of things. It would seem that, in addition to his own two horses, Bryan was also riding Maidan, the property of another 10th Hussar, and strongly fancied in the lotteries the night before the competition started. The final found his own horse left in as well as Maidan, along with Moorcock, belonging to Lowry, of the K.D.G.s. One can only surmise that, faced with the choice, he decided on the better horse. I am afraid there will never be another pig-sticking dinner like that of twenty-five years ago, for which we had to thank you. It was the one occasion on which one met many old friends of one's pig-sticking days.

Doping in India

THE recrudescence of this reprehensible turf crime which has recently manifested itself in Western India, would appear to be even worse than the original outbreak of many years ago, when the Royal Calcutta Turf Club had to deal with it in a very aggravated form, and when, though the air reeked with suspicion, they had very little success in bringing it home to the villains concerned. That H.H. the Maharajah of Rajpipla should have been the victim of this "malevolent agency," to quote the words of the petition of the Bombay Trainers' Association to the R.W.I.T.C., in the disqualification of his horse Windsor Prince, who won the £2000 Idar Gold Cup at Poona in a canter, is a matter of sincere regret to all H.H.'s many friends in this country. He was a most popular personality in the season 1934, when his horse Windsor Lad won the Derby at Epsom—a fact attested to by the bestowal upon him of a nickname—a sure sign! The crime—for that is what it is—*prima facie* would seem to have been motiveless, unless we accept it as personal malice against the owner and his trainer. Unmistakable traces of alcohol in some form or another were detected in the horse's saliva. The probability, therefore, is that it was administered just before he went out for his race. It is quite unlikely that it was introduced hypodermically. It is not easy to give a horse a drench without someone seeing it done.

The Biter Bitten

PERHAPS there may be some who remember a very flagrant case which happened in a Viceroy's Cup in Calcutta, when a horse, which had come over from Bombay, was so heavily doped with cocaine that he went stark, staring mad, and the moment his head was loosed after being led out on to the course by his boy, bolted the wrong way round and could not be stopped until he had galloped two complete circuits, about 3½ miles. Starting him in the race after such an escapade was naturally impossible. The defence at the inquiry was that the animal had shown signs of incipient laminitis, and that the injection in his coronets was to deaden any pain, but had been most unfortunately overdone! It availed not! There may be more than meets the eye behind all this! More anon.



Meet of the South Oxfordshire

Twelve-year-old David Fanshawe, son of the Master of the South Oxfordshire Hounds, Major R. G. Fanshawe, with Miss Delia Holland-Hibbert, daughter of the Hon. W. and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert and niece of Viscount Knutsford, during the meet at Thame



Meet of the Essex Union

Many children home for Christmas holidays had their first sight of hounds when the Essex Union met at Thorndon Park, near Brentwood, in Essex. Mr. E. L. Heatley, now ninety years old, who was for twenty-five years M.F.H. of the Hunt, with Arthur Webster, the Huntsman

Sporting Newsreel

Photographs from Here and There
at Home and Abroad



D. R. Stuart

England's International Rugger Player to Marry
Lt. Jacques Remlinger, England's wing three-quarter 1944-45, is engaged to Miss Noreen Shelmerdine. Lt. Remlinger was educated in this country and is therefore eligible to play for England



The Oxford University Women's Squash Rackets Team

The side are making a tour during their vacation in order to get into practice before they meet Cambridge in March. Sitting: Patricia Boyd (St. Hugh's), Brenda Cowderoy (captain; St. Hugh's), Jean Dutton (St. Hilda's). Standing: Pamela Rothwell (St. Hilda's), Cynthia Werner (St. Hugh's)



Chamois-Shooting in Austria

Some members of the occupation forces enjoying a shooting holiday in Austria were A. V. M. ("Pussy") Foster, late A.O.C. Desert Air Force, now A.O.C. R.A.F., Austria; W/Cdr. Michael Spurway, Desert Air Force, and Major "Sandy" Goschen, whose brother, Sir Edward, owns Schloss Tentschach, in the British zone



The 35 (Recce) Wing R.A.F. Rugger XV.

On ground: L.A.C.s H. A. Palmer, D. John, F/Lt. E. A. Owens. Sitting: F/Lt. P. Petman, F/O N. C. Kelly, F/Lts. J. P. Moss (captain), J. D. Mayne, F. A. Nokes. Standing: W/Cdr. W. E. V. Malins, F/Lt. J. W. Foster, F/Lt. L. F. Butcher, S/Ldr. R. J. F. Mitchell, F/Lts. R. L. Collier, P. M. Green, K. R. Bull



Haileybury and I.S.C. Public School XV.

D. R. Stuart

The XV. have beaten Epsom and Merchant Taylors. On ground: P. T. B. Rooke, S. J. Dennison. Sitting: N. A. Smallman, D. C. Houghton-Brown, H. J. Evans (captain), R. H. C. Thursby-Pelham, R. G. Holgate. Standing: Lt.-Col. F. C. Griffith, M. J. Watts, D. F. Potter, J. A. Harrison, B. J. S. Brace, R. C. Hoskyns-Abraham, O. J. Burchett, G. N. Hennessey, P. V. C. Hunt



Junior Lawn-Tennis Club of Great Britain Tournament at Queen's

In the semi-final of the mixed doubles (senior) Mr. B. Jones and Miss T. Johnson lost to Mr. B. G. Neal and Miss G. E. Woodgate. Mr. Neal and his partner went on to beat Mr. R. C. Thorn and Miss J. Cannon in the finals

Mr. R. J. Ritchie, recently demobilised and now the secretary of Queen's Club, with Mr. J. E. Jenkins, the manager, who was acting secretary during the war



D. R. Stuart

Two Personalities in the World of Rugger and Their Wives

Capt. C. B. Horsburgh and his wife with W/Cdr. Cyril Gadney (the referee) and his wife at Richmond. London Scottish player 1937-38, W/Cdr. Gadney goes over to Paris this month with the two Universities to take charge of the matches against France



Miss P. Rodgers (Kent), who beat Miss A. Ross Dilley (Westmorland) in the final of the Girls Under 18 Singles, in action at Queen's Club



Rugby Football: London v. The New Zealand Army at the White City

The London team includes P. L. T. Lewis (Guy's Hospital), D. L. Mariot, E. C. Davey (London Welsh), E. K. Scott, P. R. Graham, N. M. Hall, V. J. Morris, M. Shirley, J. R. Tyler, K. H. Chapman (captain; Harlequins), D. B. Vaughan, D. J. B. Johnston, M. Hutton, J. R. Matthews, V. R. Malempre (Wasps)

The New Zealand Army team includes H. E. Cook, W. A. Argus, J. B. Smith, J. R. Sherratt, F. R. Allen (captain), J. C. Kearney, J. Proctor, N. H. Thornton, G. J. Bond, N. J. Haigh, P. K. Rhind, A. W. Blake, R. D. Johnstone, S. W. Woolley, K. D. Arnold. The Kiwis won against London by four goals

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS STANDING BY

A PLAINTIVE cry from one of Auntie Times's little readers asking what he was to do with his gas-mask now the European War is over (pro. tem.) was not very difficult to deal with. Auntie had merely to demand his photograph and summon the Plastic Art Editor to a conference.

"Let us not be unduly precipitant or febrile, Gorhambury. The decision before us must be based not on empiricism, still less on a merely instinctive repercussion from inconcinnity."

"Coo, what a pan!"

"May we take it that a permanent occultation or veiling of the features in question is desirable, nay, imperative?"

"Ere, 'arf a mo', e's got it on now!"

"Elucidate, Gorhambury."

"Is blinking gas-mask! 'E's wearin' it!"

"Surely, Gorhambury, an hallucination?"

The old puzzle, so often presented of late. Masked or not? That frigid fixed immobility, those round glassy eyes—art or Nature? It is often difficult to judge, especially in the dignified world to which Times readers belong. The thing to realise is an austere spiritual beauty attaches to such dials, far above mere meretricious allure. As the poet cried when he fell for one of Kensington's loveliest daughters:

I thought that I should never see
A thing as lovely as a tree,
Until I glimpsed the ligneous grace
Of your extremely wooden face.

Diet

A CITIZEN who recently overheard a woman anxiously discussing her doggie's luxury-diet in a West End pet-shop wrote the menu down and sent it to one of the papers, with satiric comment. But he may have missed the point. She may have been about to eat darling Wuffles, who knows?

We have often unwittingly enraged doggie-worshippers by assuming this, yet what more natural? Gilbert White of Selborne, on being shown a live edible bow-wow from Canton, China, noted that it was pale yellow with a foxy head and ears, small black piercing eyes, and a curly tail, and that its kindly owners fattened it up on rice-meal and other special food. Probably a lot of rich women do the same. Boredom, ennui, or *cafard* is probably the secret. Many of their pets—monkeys, actors, cockatoos, poets, doggies, parlour-Reds, BBC announcers, gossip-boys, and so forth—are apt to vanish suddenly. Nobody misses them, and no inquiries are made. We put the nutritive theory to a Scotland Yard chap last week and he raised his eyebrows.

"Why should any rich woman want to eat an actor?"

"It makes a change."

"Change from what?"

"Ordinary West End restaurant food."

"Does it?"

We had to concede him a point there, maybe. The conversation continued:

"We often get reports at the Yard of rich women eating their pets but we never take them up."

"Why not?"

"Well, every woman needs an outlet. If she weren't eating cockatoos and poets and so forth she'd be going in for social work or politics."

"Would that be worse?"

"That would be hell."

So there the mater rests, as the Old Blue said when his mother (one of Les 8 Flying Sapolio Girls) fell off the high trapeze.

Pan

PRESENTING the Headmasters' Conference with a recurring problem, a wealthy chap recently bequeathed to his old school a portrait of himself in oils. Have you ever thought of the anxieties such a gift may entail?

Pictures are hung in schools (a) to inspire, and (b) to teach. Most reputable schools, for example, have photogravure copies of the Donatello or Dürer St. George and Watts's "Hope," among other works of the masters. Apart from intrinsic beauty, the Donatello or Dürer teaches the modern young (we gather) to reverence Treasury-notes, the Watts teaches them (one supposes) how to sit on a spinning globe and play a broken-stringed harp without being sick. What has the average Island Pan in oils or watercolour to inspire or teach? Never ravishingly lovely, it is often stamped with dull surprise, low cunning, or even ignoble vice, like those portraits in college halls of 18th-century dons, notoriously cockeyed on vintage port from cradle to grave.

One perceives, therefore, that a headmaster's duty on receiving a ghastly portrait of an Old Boy is either to have it burned at once by the furnaceman or to hang it up as a Solemn Warning, with a neatly engraved ivory tablet underneath. Example:

SIR NERO GOWLE, Bt.

(1865-1929)

Observe the wrinkles of greed
and cruelty round the
eyes. A typical
City thug.

Tu autem, Domine, miserere!

This latter solution applies, now we think of it, to quite a few pans in the National Portrait Gallery. What a spectacle! Coo!

Spectacle

IT was in the noble old walled city of Pamplona, capital of Navarre, where Carlist and Bourbon partisans clashed the other day, that we caught our first and only glimpse of the naked soul of a member of the Bath Club on a Good Friday night some years ago.

The train from Irun had landed us, with this clubman and two other friends primed for a night-march to Roncesvalles, very late. The sky over Pamplona was dark and the streets dead. The Good Friday processions had long since quenched their torches and dispersed, the lamps were dim. This clubman gave the place a cool quizzical circular glance and remarked that its sanitation was probably not up to West End form. But this did not break his lofty spirit, nor did the ensuing food (the vilest in Europe as it turned out) at the only *posada* in Pamplona which seemed to be open. It was after supper, on issuing into the deserted Plaza and realising at last what lay before him, that the courtly mask suddenly dropped, the urbane Dover Street gesture vanished, the civilised veneer cracked. A sudden screech went spiring to the invisible stars. We saw one of the most hideous sights conceivable—the crude naked fear, rage, misery, and despair of a member of the Bath Club trapped in a remote medieval Spanish town at 1 a.m., surrounded by foreigners, and screaming in vain for his faithful valet, snoring all unconscious in London, hundreds of miles away. "Rapson! Rapson!! Oh, my God! RAPSON!!! No reply. Nothing. Nada.

Footnote

IT says something for this clubman's sterling courage (fortified by cleanly and regular Bath Club habits) that he took a stern grip of himself and, soothed by our tender, homely words, broke down no more, except to cry weakly for a hot shower and a devilled bone on the crest of the Pass hours later. Constant immersion in the Deep End gives these chaps a spiritual resilience beyond the grasp of most of us. But by Heaven, their despair is not a pretty sight.



"Come, come, gentlemen—when it's a jar, of course!"



"This has been stifling inside me for twenty years"



"There is only one way to obtain a pair of nylons, madam—emigrate!"

ELIZABETH BOWEN

BOOKS
reviewing

Anthology

ANTHOLOGIES vary. Some aim merely at short-circuiting literature for the lazy reader—we are given "Treasures" of many different kinds. Some are ingenious: one subject—dogs, children, gardens, cookery, servants, war, inns, the sea—is pursued by the compiler across the international country of poetry and prose. Some, a trifle self-consciously, present the compiler as a literary truffle-hound. This last is bad. But it does not alter the fact that the ideal anthology *should* bear an individual, highly personal imprint—so that the effect is not merely "This I have found," or "This I have been knowing enough to relish," but "This, and this, I have loved—these have been part of my life."

The pieces, whether of prose or poetry, that to make up an anthology should have, and generally do have, each in their own right, intrinsic beauty and wisdom. As a whole, the anthology has the interest of giving insight into a compiler's temperament. When he, or she, appears to be a person already far from unknown, this interest is doubled: the anthology will be eagerly sought.

This is the case with *Another World Than This* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), an anthology of which the compilers are V. Sackville-West and Arnold Nicolson, husband and wife. Of themselves, as compilers, the two say in their preword:

The compilers of this anthology have tried not to cheat. They have, on the whole, adhered honourably to the underlinings they found they had already made in their own books on the shelves of their separate rooms. They had both been in the habit of many years of marking passages which particularly pleased them, and of scribbling an index for reference at the end of each book—as every true reader of books should train himself to do. The volume, as embodied in the following pages, thus represents the lifetime literary taste of two persons with somewhat different occupations in life; a taste pursued in each case from adolescence to middle age; yet so curiously homogeneous in its ultimate results that in a sudden spirit of amused comparison they decided to pool their book-markings into one selected volume.

Not Afraid

A GREAT deal that was marked, the Foreword goes on to tell us, has been omitted. This does not mean "that the compilers have, at any time in their reading lives, failed to appreciate the recognised masterpieces of our own literature or such foreign literature as they were able to enjoy. These omissions mean only that they did not wish to insult the fastidious reader by the inclusion of passages he already knew by heart or could find elsewhere."

Not all that is here, even now, will be found quite unfamiliar—but surely this is to the good? In my own case, for instance, I was delighted to find the three Matthew Arnold pieces, in new company. And that pleasure may be shared by other readers in other cases: total unfamiliarity, throughout, could be at once disheartening and over-dazzling. Also, the arrangement of the pieces is itself deliberate and melodic: there results a definite carry-on, of mood and meaning, from page to page, in the reader's mind. Like flowers beautifully arranged, the different verses and lines of prose seem to draw out, by nearness, each beauty and, as it were, scent: they enhance and interpret one another. Thus there is a gain, from this new setting, for what one already knows and loves.

The majority of the pieces do, however, come from far afield—far both in time and space. In English, the compilers' taste seems to have focussed itself on the poetry and the meditations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—though before that we have Chaucer and Langland; and, after, lesser-known recusants from the Age of Reason and the grim dawn of the

Industrial Age. In Italian we have, after Dante, one or two of the smiling poets of the Renaissance—the Botticelli-like Poliziano (p. 92)—is particularly lovely. Not overlooked, however, is d'Annunzio. In French, the same attraction towards the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—though also, from nearer in time, Baudelaire. Greek and Latin poets abound. The Chinese, with their limpidity, will perhaps be most often re-read of all.

Translations from the Chinese are the work of Arthur Waley and Soames Jenyns. On the not-unreasonable assumption that readers would know French, the French pieces have been, with two exceptions, left as they are. Translations from Italian, Latin and Greek—"literal," they have called them—are the compilers' own.

Another World

"ANOTHER WORLD THAN THIS" has been rightly titled—this is another world. Dominating the anthology is the mood in which people, so often our Elizabethans, turned from the heat and strife of the court and city to the cool glade, the enclosed garden, the water mirroring the sky. The nature poems, of which there are many here, all stress Nature's sublime autonomy, and her saneness—the round of the year, and the changing seasons, are reflected in the anthology's form—it has a calendar pattern, one section for every month. A strong vein of contemplativeness runs through the chosen meditations: in Traherne, especially, we feel the happiness of divine love. In the love poems proper, the calm, rather than storms, of love is stressed. And the bent of these two people's philosophy can be found in the something-in-common of all philosophic passages. *Another World Than This* is, emphatically, the self-expression, through choice, of two people who, having experienced the midday of the great world, draw strength from their apprehension of a still greater one.

In an anthology so packed with treasures, it is impossible, and would seem impertinent, to isolate any few for comment. I find I have dog-leaved two pages—97, with "A Wooing Song of the Yeoman of Kent's Son," and 179, with the third part of Leigh Hunt's *Man and Fish* poem.

Coastal Forces

"THE BATTLE OF THE NARROW SEAS," by Lt.-Cdr. Peter Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C. and Bar, R.N.V.R., is a great book—published by *Country Life* at 15s. Here are accounts of action; mostly given direct in the simple and played-down language of those who took part in it. The motor torpedo-boats, the motor gun-boats and the little motor-launches, based on the English south and east coasts, and operating in the English Channel and North Sea. (Here, by the way, is the background and full documentation for a novel reviewed in these pages a week or two back, *The Readiness Is All*.)

The strenuous summer of 1942 occupies a number of gripping chapters. High points in the book are the St. Nazaire and Dieppe raids. And not less tense is the story of D-Day and its preliminaries, subsequent action, and the shift to the North Sea as the enemy was dislodged from more and more Channel ports. The author is writing about his friends: we have thus not only heroes but personalities, each immortalised by a laugh, a habit in fighting, a characteristic gesture, a flying remark. All these close-ups, in the cinema sense, are unforgettable in their gay and hardy intimacy; and the effect, in the whole, of vividness is extraordinary.

To this are added the illustrations: we have maps, photographs, twelve reproductions of the author's oil-paintings of action at sea (a long journey, this, from his now-famous bird pictures in pencil, brush and pen) and eight pencil

(Concluded on page 92)

CARAVAN

CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE not yet decided which is worse—to live with your own New Year Resolutions or to endure other people's. A planned excess of virtue is always a pretty grim affair, and a convert tiresome to talk to. After the early and usually brief triumph of resisting temptation, a depressing Monday-morning feeling infests the soul. You consider you merit a fanfare of trumpets, but all you hear from your friends and relations is that you ought to have "pulled your socks up" long ago. No admiration, no wonder, not the least suspicion of awe—just an uninspiring agreement that "it was about time, anyway!" On the other hand, they trot out their own Good Resolutions with all the subtle pride of a woman who has given up taking sugar in Lent.

No wonder the "clean page" so impressively turned over on New Year's Day is usually "blotted" by Twelfth Night. Which, in parenthesis, generally affords your friends and relations much relief. Virtue which refuses to be taken-for-granted is no adjunct to a peace-planned home.

In any case, I have discovered that no matter how your friends and relations applaud you in your January resolves, Fate is rarely sympathetic. Long before you have reached that state when virtue feels itself strong enough to do battle with any old weakness, circumstances arise which make resistance wellnigh impossible.

For fifteen long years, for example, have I determined every New Year's Day to give up smoking cigarettes. For two or three days I go about telling everybody my intentions, stressing my determination by waving my hand backwards and forwards like a fan whenever anybody puffs smoke in my face. I travel non-smoking on the railway—to be on the safe side. For, at most, three days I go through the world with all the verbal self-congratulation of one who, inwardly, is not certain of himself. Then Fate wakes up and I am lost for ever. On the fourth day, sure as houses—though that remark seems hyperbolic these days!—circumstances arise of so worrying and troublesome a nature that it demands at least an hour's chain-smoking to calm my nerves and help me mentally to solve the situation. Whereafter, of course, I am lost until January 1st next year.

You will always recognise one who has broken his Good Resolution by the fact that he never mentions it in company. He just slinks back into the old routine, hoping that nobody will notice it and thus refrain from observation. Indeed, sometimes a faint suspicion crosses my mind that if you want to attain moderation in smoking—and this, of course, applies to all the minor vices—you must smoke with determination so vigorously that you either get a sore tongue or begin to ruin your digestion. Then there may be hope for you. For the Devil-in-Fate always seems to get extremely busy when it hears a Good Resolution, whereas only "disaster" appears to interest the angels.

Of course, I know quite well that the mere fact of turning over a New Leaf is good for the soul—no matter how quickly the blots come. Unfortunately January 1st only comes once a year. Lent, of course, gives us a second chance. Therefore, will I give up smoking cigarettes in Lent. In the meanwhile, I will "light up" in order to visualise my future steadfastness.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Hall — Mason Macfarlane

Lt. John Buchan Hall, Royal Engineers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, of Marmuran, Galashiels, married Miss Mona Islay Mason Macfarlane, only daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Noel Mason Macfarlane, M.P., and Lady Mason Macfarlane, of Westminster Gardens, Marsham Street, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Hodges — Henderson

F/O. John R. B. Hodges, R.A.F., of Leatherhead, married Miss Harriot J. Henderson, younger daughter of Professor Sir Hubert and Lady Henderson, of South Parks Road, Oxford, at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford



Mason Macfarlane — Hall

Right: Major Ian Will Mason Macfarlane, Royal Artillery, only son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Noel Mason Macfarlane, M.P., and Lady Mason Macfarlane, of Marsham Street, married Miss Muriel Paterson Hall, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, of Marmuran, Galashiels, at the Crypt Chapel, Palace of Westminster



Wynkoop — Leeds

Lt. Edward J. Wynkoop, Jr., U.S.N.R., of Syracuse, New York, married Miss Nancy Helen Marie Leeds, daughter of Princess Xenia, and of Mr. William B. Leeds, of New York City, at St. Paul's, Glen Cove, Long Island, New York



Hodges — Colville

Mr. David M. Hodges, son of Admiral Sir Michael and Lady Hodges, of The White House, Thatcham, Berks, married Miss Kathleen Marion Colville, daughter of the late Mr. G. S. E. Colville, and of Mrs. Corbett Thompson, of Woodslee, Canonbie, Dumfries, at St. Peter's, Vere Street

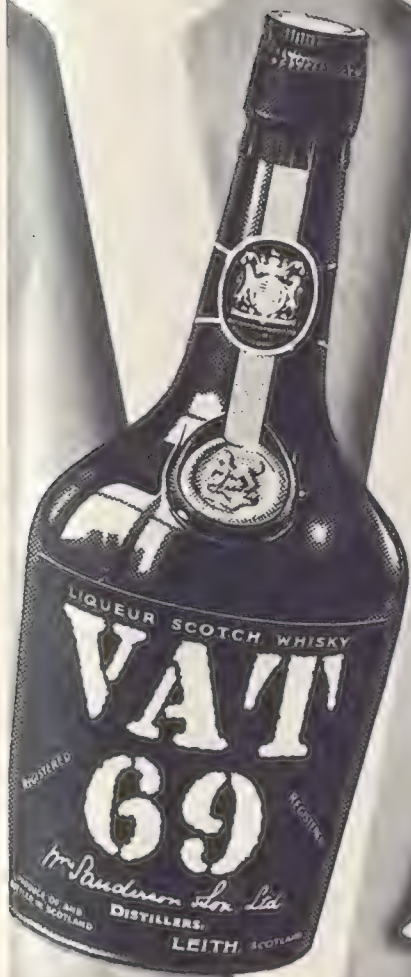


Minnette-Lucas — Milne

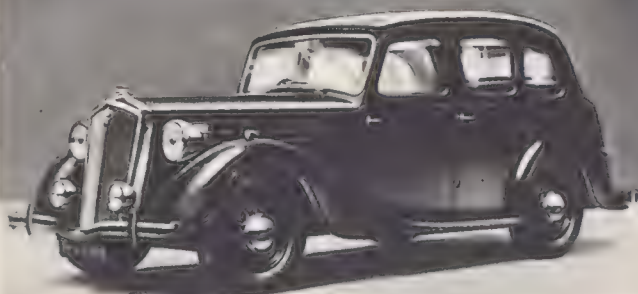
Lt. Rae Pearson Minnette-Lucas, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Major Guy Minnette-Lucas, and Mrs. Minnette-Lucas, of Scoble, Wentworth, married Miss Marion N. Milne, only child of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Milne, of Cheyne Court, Chelsea, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



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BEST TODAY ★ STILL BETTER TOMORROW

TEEN AGE


by Jean Lorimer



Buttoning cosily up to the throat, fitting snugly round the waist, this is the ideal coat for the Teen Age with the right ideas. Tie belt is in front only; the back is fitted with two pleats and a good swing. Selfridge's have it in several lovely colours

Indoors and Out

Homeliness and glamour — unusual together, but in this lovely housecoat most cleverly combined. Big checks, brilliantly coloured, make the flowing skirt; the top is plain, neatly tailored, relieved by the giant patch-pockets. For evenings at home what could be nicer? Marshall and Snelgrove have it



Peggy Sage hopes ...

that her polishes will become available in the not too distant future. The wartime control of many of the ingredients of fine nail polishes has been lifted, but it is not yet possible to say when stocks of polish can reach the shops. So Peggy Sage hopes you will be patient. Meanwhile the Peggy Sage Salon continues to give to its clients every possible attention.

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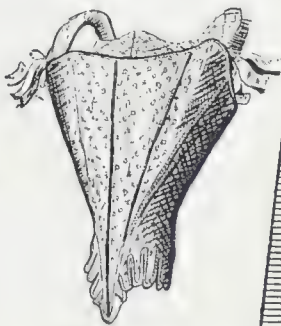
Courtaulds RAYONS for loveliness that lasts ...

IT may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayons are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



1720

This elegant corset creation was cut to hold the body rigidly, the bust high. Built of green silk brocade, lined with printed linen, the seams were reinforced with scarlet tape and the trimming hand embroidered. It was worn outside the skirt!



1946

Today Gossard have perfected cut and design so that the modern figure is moulded into flawless lines without the need of uncomfortable constraint. When present day restrictions are removed, Gossard will be even better than ever.



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Gossard
LINE OF BEAUTY



eugène

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE driver of a high-powered car suddenly heard from behind the sound of a hooter. He looked back and saw a "baby" car approaching, apparently trying to pass. This was too much for his dignity. He accelerated to fifty miles per hour.

Again he heard the sound of the hooter.

He accelerated to fifty-five. To his surprise, impudence was still treading on his heels. He went to sixty and thought that the absurd contest was ended.

The next thing he saw was the small car running level with him, and a voice shouted: "Excuse me, sir, but I'm a bit of a novice. Can you tell me how to get into top gear on these cars?"

THE landlord was making a last attempt to collect rent from his hard-up tenant—a poet.

When the landlord had said his piece in angry tones, the poet spoke: "Why, you ought to pay me for living here. In a few years' time people will be looking up at this miserable attic and saying: 'That's where Miller the poet used to live.'"

"Well," said the landlord, "they needn't wait all that time. If you don't pay me by noon today they can say it tomorrow."

"I WANT to buy that book in the window called *How to Captivate Men*," said the little girl to the assistant.

The man looked dubiously at the child.

"That's not the sort of book for you," he said. "What do you want it for?"

"I want to give it to my daddy for a birthday present."

"But surely there are hundreds of books he would rather have? Let me find you one."

"No. I know he'd like that one," insisted the child. "You see, he's a policeman."



Rene Ray plays Millie Southern in "The Cure for Love" at the Westminster. When touring Germany in recent months in the new American comedy "June Mad," Rene Ray and Phyllis Dare had the unique experience of being put up in the mess of the Second Welsh Guards. Shortage of accommodation was the excuse

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 87)

drawings of brother-officers of the Coastal Force. Against these last, whose delicacy and acumen are to be praised, I have only one—I hope not ungrateful—complaint; all these faces show a slight similarity, a faint but detectable family likeness due to one artist's touch.

Dutch Painting

DUTCH painting is, I should say, the most, in the good sense, popular in the world. It is the visual song of good times, cheerful sedate homes, clean but mellow streets, friendly houses and landscapes not less poetic for being flat and kind. Flagons and grapes, exquisite flower arrangements in which one perceives each petal's gleaming curl, plump, dead hares, and edibles to which art has added a glamour to extreme eatability, have continued to glow from the Dutch canvas. Call this bonhomous painting. But it is not merely bonhomous; it is superb.

Dutch Painting, with a preface by J. B. Manson (who does excellent justice to his subject), has forty-four plates in colour and photogravure, and is published by the Avalon Press and Central Institute of Art and Design at 8s., and is a companion volume to *Flemish Painting*—reviewed in these pages not long ago. Again I am struck by the satisfactoriness with which pictures photograph—indeed, given the lifelike roundness and clarity of many of these Dutch pictures, it is difficult, in one or two of the plates, to realize that one is not looking at a photograph of a real-life scene.

In the main, as Mr. Manson points out, Dutch art was non-religious and non-mystical—in this, widely differing from the Flemish. Rembrandt was the great exception; his "Supper at Emmaus," in colour, is the frontispiece of this book. And there is something other-worldly, quite apart from their subjects, in the inimitable light of Vermeer's pictures. In the main, the Dutch painter attached himself to the world of the senses, which he lit and immortalized by genius—or, is genius, perhaps, simply outsize human perception? Satisfaction with life glows from the plump, dimpled faces of the daughters of the *haut bourgeoisie* in the portraits and genre pieces; peals of gargantuan laughter issue, almost audibly, from the revellers. The serene mischievousness of the Gerard ter Borch young ladies, in their parlours gleaming with marbles and chandeliers, is charming. And who has not longed to pat the haunch of a Cuyp cow? One is riveted by Jan van der Heyden's "The House in the Wood"—myself, I longed to be owner of both the house and the picture. . . . Mr. Manson, in his preface, gives the story of the Dutch school of painting, enlarged by biographies of the outstanding artists. Apart from its instructive value, I recommend *Dutch Painting* for sheer pleasure. Such a collection confirms one's belief in life.

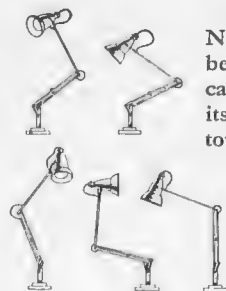
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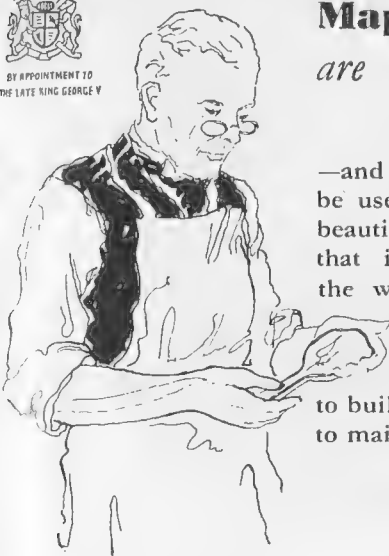
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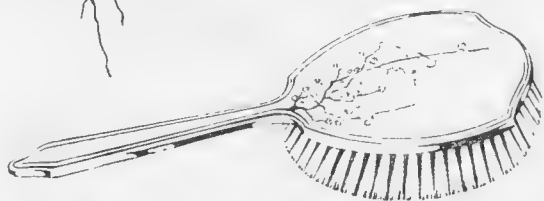
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Brooklands

GALLANT attempts are being made to save Brooklands as a public aerodrome and speed track; but I do not think they will succeed. It is, indeed, sad to think of the cradle of British aviation—where A. V. Roe did all his early work—being covered with factory buildings. And the track itself was of great assistance to the development of British motor cars, while providing enthusiasts with good sport on many occasions.

What really worries me most is what is to become of the rhododendron bushes and the trees. Brooklands in summer was a pleasant spot. Those who never went there imagined that it was a vast concrete area which

smelled damnably of oil. But there were pleasing walks, and fine expanses of green there. That is what makes me think that the attempts to save Brooklands for sport are doomed to failure. For if there are trees anywhere, there are thousands of people nowadays with an itch to fell them; if there are rhododendron bushes there are thousands of people—including the Agricultural Committees—with huge, specially designed mechanisms for rooting them out.

As Trevelyan's *Social History* points out, there were many men in the past who took a delight in planting fine avenues. Now we only think of cutting them down. Brooklands was full of trees; so we can be certain that the felling is to take place soon, if it has not already begun. To the ghosts of British aviation and motor racing in its great days, the factory buildings will seem uncongenial dwelling places.

The Waste Land

AT last I have been able to look at a plan of Heath Row aerodrome. It shows three big concrete runways shaped as a triangle with nothing inside. I am inclined to think with American and French aerodrome engineers that this is the most wasteful arrangement that could be devised. Tangential runway systems have not yet been tried and, therefore, it is not possible positively to assert that they are better or worse than other systems. But I am impressed by the theoretical case that can be made out in their favour.

In the old days of the grass aerodrome of small size, the ideal shape theoretically was annular. The aerodrome buildings were best sited in the centre and the aerodrome arranged all round them with an underground road to the buildings. This form was found best, not only on the grounds that it was most economical in space, but also on the grounds that it gave the best safety factor for taking off and for the case of engine failure during the take-off. The whole thing was argued well in a report by the Aeronautical Research Committee, and it would be a good thing if our Ministry of Civil Aviation officials were to turn up that report and read it carefully.

A modern aerodrome is not made simply by spending £25,000,000 on enormously long, wide runways. Unless the whole aerodrome is carefully planned, huge runways can be as much a curse as a blessing. I am most anxious about the Heath Row scheme. It seems to be already out of date, or at any rate obsolescent.

Club Activity

WHAT a pity it is that the Royal Aero Club does not follow the lead of the Aero Club de France in giving a book prize every year. It is true that the French prize of ten thousand francs may not seem so big nowadays, but it is a sound gesture. The Royal Aero Club might designate a recommended aeronautical book each year at least. For one notices that it is not too lavish with money prizes.

Perhaps now that Colonel Preston has taken over his duties, we shall see the Royal Aero Club becoming more active in the field of personal flying. Although the activities of the Automobile Association have been highly efficient and extremely useful, it does not seem right that the A.A. should do what is really one of the first duties of the Aero Club. But there is always the problem of subsidies. If the Aero Club is going to be on the side of subsidies, then it will be on the side of the Government. If it is on the side of the Government, it cannot resist Government interference in aviation.

In my view, it is more than ever necessary, now, that there should be some unsubsidized flying going on in this country, for that is the only kind that will really resist bureaucratic interference. Subsidized flying, as I have pointed out before, has in effect surrendered its right to independence.

Patrons

THE answer of many club officials, however, will be that there is no money to be found nowadays except in the Treasury, and that no rich men will come forward to assist them as they used to do in the past, mainly because there are now no rich men.

Some people affect to find satisfaction in the elimination of the very rich. My own view is that the very rich are infinitely less objectionable than the very official. The high official of a Government department is much less amenable to persuasion, much less inclined to take risks, much less inclined to be guided by generous impulses than the rich man. There are many thousands of artists and musicians in the past whose activities testify to that fact. I would rather see an aero club supported by an individual patron, than by Government subsidy. But perhaps re-distributive taxation has eliminated the possibility of any but Government aid.



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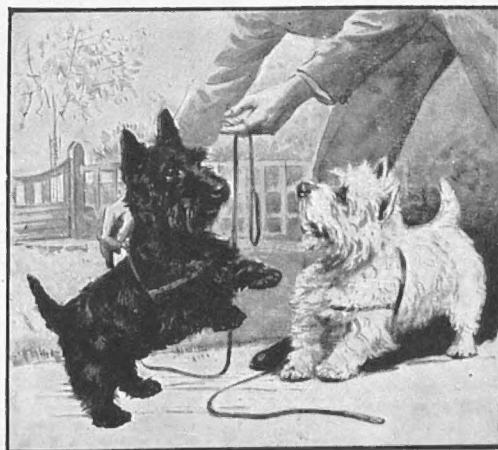
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